RUTCHER & KM

"TALL OAKS FROM LITTLE ACORNS GROW,"

DANVILLE, MAY 9, 1857.

The Butcher - Knife

Is published every SATURDAY morning, in the town of Danville, and the State of In-

The Butcher-Knife will be furnished to clubs of twelve at sixteen and two-thirds cents per copy, invariably in advance.

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gal advertisements must be paid for in

ess cards will be inserted at fifty r card; and no patent medicine or dry goods advertisement will be

> EURGE GREGG. Editor and Publisher.

e Butcher-Knife! gentlemen are authorreceipt for subscrip-

> uler, W. A. Ver-Prowbridge. Up) Matlock.

Occupation! what a glorious thing it is ADOLPHUS GETS INSPIRED .- "The diana, and will be furnished to Subscribers at to fancied or real sorrow. When grief brook, meandering over its pebbly bottom, the extremely moderate price of twenty-five sits down, folds his hands, and mournfully incessantly babbling dulcet tinkling strains feeds upon its own tears, weaving the dim "love, love," where the atmosphere is clubs of five at twenty cents each; and to shadows that a little exertion might sweep redolent of soothing, spicy aromas that Deaths, Marriages, Notices of Meetings is shorn of its might, and sorrow becomes dissolve in the liquid fires of love-where rather seek by occupation, to divert the whirl in etherial space warble naught but you into a thousand channels which the geous leveliness, culled from nature's most stions and remittances must duties of life always present. Before you ardent design, warmest tints and sweetest dream of it those waters will fertilize the smelling incense." present, and give birth to fresh flowers ers that will become pure and holy, in the so nice pickled. sunshine which penetrate to the path of duty, in spite of every obstacle. Grief after all, is but a selfish feeling; and most "w. the" which was freselfish is the man who yields that indulgence of any passised

for the human heart. Those who work will build thee a cot all covered with ivy, in hard seldom yield themselves entirely up some secluded vale, close by a purling away into a funeral pall, the strong spirit makes the eyes languish, and the heart our master. When troubles flow upon the balmy morning zephyrs sigh in the you, dark and heavy, toil not with the dense forest's leafy maze, chanting love's waves-wrestle not with the torrent! melody-where the tiny songsters that dark waters that threaten to overwhelm love. I will plant thee a garden of gor-

"Dolphy, dear, don't forget to have a that they may brighten the future-flow- patch for cowcumbers and inyuns, they're

> Don't Like It .- A small boy heard a parson preach a sermon from these words. elected their

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joy to his fellow man